Stephen - Crossfire

```
Tom: Eb
                                                                             Dm
                                                          So we could build a playground
(forma dos acordes no tom de C )
                                                                Am
                                                          For the sinners to play as saints
Capostraste na 3ª casa
Intro: Am C Dm F
Am C Dm F
                                                                  Dm
                                                          You'd be so proud of what we've made
                                                                       Am
                                                          I hope you got some beds around
Am C
                      Dm
He'd trade his guns for love
                                                                             Dm
      F
                                                          Cause you're the only refuge now
                            Δm
But he's caught in the crossfire
                                                                 Am
                                                                              С
                                                          For every mother, every child, every brother
  С
                  Dm
And he keeps wakin' up
                                                                            Am C
                                                                                        Dm
                                                          That's caught in the crossfire
      F
                          Am
But it's not to the sound of birds
                                                                                         Dm
                                                                             Am C
                                                          That's caught in the crossfire
  C
            Dm
The tyranny, the violent streets
                                                          (FAm C Dm)
                        Am
Deprived of all that we're blessed with
                                                          (F Am C Dm)
(F Am)
          Dm F
 F
                                                          (FGAmC)
And we can't get enough, no
                                                          (FGAmG)
                   C
            Am
Heaven if you sent us down
                                                          F
                                                               G
                                                          Can I trust what I'm given?
                 Dm
So we could build a playground
                                                             C
                                                                                F
                                                          When faith still needs a gun
      Am
                        C
For the sinners to play as saints
                                                          G
                                                                   Am C
                                                          Whose ammunition justifies the wrong?
       Dm
You'd be so proud of what we've made
                                                               G
                                                                                Am
                                                          And I can't see from the backseat
           Am
                               C
I hope you got some beds around
                                                                          F
                                                               C
                                                          So I'm asking from above
                  Dm
Cause you're the only refuge now
                                                              G
                                                                                    Dm
                                                                       Am
                                                          Can I trust what I'm given, even when it cuts?
      Am
                    С
                                  Dm
For every mother, every child, every brother
                              Dm
                 Am C
                                                                              G
                                                          Heaven if you sent us down
That's caught in the crossfire
                  Am C
                              Dm
                                                                            Am
                                                          So we could build a playground
That's caught in the crossfire
                                                                 F
                                                                                  G
(FG)
                                                          For the sinners to play as saints
                                                                 Am
Am C
                   Dm
                                                          You'd be so proud of what we've made
I'd trade my luck to know
                                                                       F
                                                          I hope you got some beds around
                         Am
Why he's caught in the crossfire
                                                                                          С
                                                                             Am
                                                          Cause you're the only refuge now
  С
                  Dm
And I'm here wakin' up
                                                                  F
                                                                               G
                                                                                            Am
    F
                                                          For every mother, every child, every brother
                         Am
To the sun and the sound of birds
                                                                           FG
                                                                                     Am
                                                          Who's caught in the crossfire
 C Dm
Society's anxiety
                                                                            F
                                                                                 G
                                                                                     Am
                        Am
                                                          Who's caught in the crossfire
Deprived of all that we're blessed with
                                                                            F G
                                                                                     Am
                                                          Who's caught in the crossfire (Woaaah Woaaah)
               Dm F
We just can't get enough, no!
                                                                            F G Am
                                                          Who's caught in the crossfire
            Am
                                                                            F G Am
Heaven if you sent us down
                                                          Who's caught on the cross
```



Acordes